



# State Normal Magazine

Vol. 19

NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 2

## CONTENTS

	Page
<b>MUSIC IN EDUCATION</b> —Copied from Musical America .....	15
<b>STEPPING STONES (Story)</b> —	
Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, Adelphian .....	16
<b>FORT DOBBS (Essay)</b> —Vera Millsaps, '15, Cornelian .....	21
<b>THE WHITE ROSE (Story)</b> —Ruth Harris, '15, Adelphian .....	34
<b>THE GUIDING TORTOISE (Story)</b> —	
Eugenia Watson, '17, Cornelian .....	40
<b>A TRIP TO MARS (Story)</b> —Frances Tull, '16, Adelphian .....	45
<b>LIVING THE BALANCED LIFE</b> —Summary of a Paper by	
Miss Bertha Conde .....	48
<b>EDITORIAL</b> —	
What We Read .....	50
Society Spirit .....	51
Making Our Choice .....	51
<b>SOCIETY NOTES</b> —	
With the Adelphians .....	53
Cornelian Notes .....	54
<b>AMONG OURSELVES</b> —Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian .....	56
<b>EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT</b> .....	60
<b>IN LIGHTER VEIN</b> —Annie Beam .....	62
<b>ORGANIZATIONS</b> .....	64
<b>ADVERTISEMENTS</b>	



# State Normal Magazine

---

VOL. XIX

GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 2

---

## Music in Education

*Copied from Musical America*

P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, advocates the assignment of music to a place with reading, writing, and arithmetic in our system of education, in his argument on this question, which is now under governmental consideration. He says: "Of the cultural influence of music there is no question. \* \* \* More than this, music is so very practical and useful. It furnishes a profession, it is made use of in the home, in entertainments, in the church, in the schools, and in the community. \* \* The school teachers of Germany are required to have both a knowledge of singing and of at least one instrument. And I would guard the kind of music to be taught in our schools. It should always be of the very best; it takes hold of the life of a child as nothing else can. \* \* I want to see community music more encouraged and given an impetus—both vocal and instrumental. It is these things that will bring musical appreciation. And here I come to a very vital point—musical appreciation. That is what America needs and I would desire that the Bureau of Education should do all in its power towards this end. I would have even our children possess the power of discrimination in this useful art.

"America expends a vast sum on music, but it does not always do it judiciously. The Bureau of Education is making a study of the various systems employed in many countries and communities in which music forms a vital part of the school system and local interests. We shall soon have some interesting facts to disclose on this subject. You cannot emphasize too strongly my advocacy of music as an important part in education and its influence upon the nation."

## Stepping Stones

Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, *Adelphian*

Peter Race closed his book dreamily. The cold sunset of a late October day was fading; and among the glowing foliage of the autumn-painted trees, tall, gaunt pines stood darkly silhouetted against the west. Shadows were already glooming the woodland slopes, and across the valley the evening sound of a solitary cowbell came upon the wind. Peter had lingered alone in the little schoolhouse before going home for the night. Today had been a hard, weary day. He had ridden far across the gap, with a few simple comforts and still scantier store of medical lore—relic of the old college days—to see to the care of a sick man. Then there was a trip down to the little village for supplies; then his classes. He was aching with weariness and loneliness, and with longing more than with pain; and somehow he wanted to be alone, this Peter, who had come to these people as their neighbor, brother, and teacher, bringing them his life, when it held not enough for someone else. The children from the poor, far-scattered farms came to him eagerly after their chores were done—he had a fascinating way of teaching them, not only of “book things”, but of beautiful things out in the great, wide world. One tiny girl had completely won his heart (her sunny hair curled low over her forehead, just like Jane’s dark hair—her big brown eyes were just like Jane’s!) This afternoon she had slipped up by his chair and listened, spellbound, as he had told the older children of his travels in strange, far lands. As they left the little schoolroom to the rear of the tiny white chapel, she had said, “Mr. Peter, do vey *weally* have li’l boats—oh, bigger’n a house, ’at can take lots an’ lots of people ’way cross ve sea? An’ is vere weally so much water ’at we couldn’t *see* ve uvver side? Oh, Mr. Peter, I wish I could see vat!”

Now he closed his Tennyson—Jane loved Tennyson—and walked slowly to the door “No, they really couldn’t see the other side sometimes.” He closed the door and walked

slowly through the frosty twilight, thinking of the great church in the city, where organ tones filled the vaulted dome with the dream music of great composer souls. He contrasted his people there with the little gathering of friendly folk here in their tiny white chapel, and his soul grew calm. Peace filled his heart. At one curve of the road he paused, and his poet soul drank in the wonderful landscape before and below him, as it fell away and away, between gaps and mountain ridges, as far as the fading sunset touched the ridges with rosy light, and gloomed the valleys with violet mist.

“Some of us call it autumn  
And others—call it God,” he murmured.

\*               \*               \*               \*               \*               \*

As he rounded the last dark bend in the road, he noticed there was no light in old Hiram Potter's window, and he hurried up the rough little pathway to see what could have happened. On the cabin step he found the old man, sitting bowed, and still. “Hiram, man,” he called low, for the old man's stillness startled him. “What's wrong?”

“Oh, I'm jest a-thinkin'. Seems like all a feller can do nowadays,” was the heart-weary answer, as he rose to go in and fix their supper. Peter had come to love the old man; and he liked the homely fare they shared together. He laid away his own thoughts to brighten the meal for his host. They talked of the new railroads that were practically building up the little town twelve miles away; of the stores that were now taking the place of the almost primitive barter that had kept these thrifty folk so close together in their daily life. The changing order was helping them—that was evident. Yet there was a hostility in the old man's attitude that would have been funny were it not so pathetic.

But the little farms *were* beginning to lose their value, and the lure of the mills was calling the younger of these people to the towns, and gradually the old days were fading as the sunset had. Peter mused with silent sympathy. For him, too, the great church in the city, with its wealthy parish and congregation of brilliant society folk, had seemed the highest goal—the fullest promise he could attain—and when failing

health sent him to the hills, how madly, how bitterly he had rebelled!

Then they settled before the fire in Hiram's big bent hickory chairs—Peter with his pipe, and Hiram with his old tobacco-stained cob. This evening the old man did not get out his work. In thoughtful surprise, Peter watched him, sitting still and quiet, his gaunt shoulders bowed—somehow Hiram was more bowed than was wont. His thin gray locks, half long, looked thinner than ever; his weak old eyes were dreaming into a glowing corner of the fire. But Peter was silent. In his great warm heart he understood many things. After a while, "Peter", the old man mused, "it do seem hard when a feller can't do things no more. Now that M'ria's gone, an' I'm old, things aint no use. Ever since I was a strappin' young feller an' my dad showed me how to make these big hickory cheers 'n' tables 'n' benches, why, that's what I done winters. When I uster hitch up th' old black mules to the kivered waggin, 'n' M'ria 'n' me'd go down the road to the Centers, folks'd buy my cheers and benches—they used 'em on the porches 'n' in the yards—I caned their cheer bottoms, too. \* \* Summers there was th' fruit, that helped. Oh, I wuz busy 'nough in them days. But when they began ter hev store bought cheers 'twant no use ter make any cheers—they want fine ernuff—and the farm didn't no more'n feed us. The boy died then, 'n' M'ria never seemed the same arter that; 'n' since she died I've jest lived on here, gone round ter help folks at harvest time, 'n' doin', onct in a while, jest waiting to go to M'ria. Then you come. Peter, man, I wish you'd a-come afore, 'n' larnt the boy. Somehow he warn't like other children; sorter dreamy like 'n' old. M'ria said as he'd ought 'a been book-larned. But ther warn't no chanct. Peter, ye've brought me a sight o' comfort with yer talk o' book things; 'n' people what c'n do things, 'n' write them poetry thoughts. I wouldn't a' thought they was fer the likes o' me. \* \* Peter, there don't seem to be no place in this world for a feller like me, what's ol' 'n' didn't have no chanct ter larn things 'n' can't do the young fellers' ways. Why, Peter, them fac'tries is wonderful. I was in one of 'em onct—but thet aint no place fer me. Peter, it wonders

me as you'd come here 'n' leave it all—them things we want!"

More and more deeply began Peter to realize "the brotherhood of man", as the old man talked.

"Old friend, it is you people, who haven't these things, that I want. There was once a 'M'ria' in my life, too—and it seemed, everything else good, and fair, that a man could wish. But there was something lacking through it all. Then health sent me broken and discouraged to the hills for refuge. And here I have learned that *there* was no place for me, any longer. My place is here with you people, if you'll let me live with you here, where life and love are simple and true. Yes, old friend, the world is leaving the old days behind. It's this great big thing men call progress—the railroad, the mills, and the stores, with their beautiful things, and the hustling 'young fellows'—that goes on and leaves the old ones that have finished their work to sit behind, and watch and remember. Hiram, there was once a great poet who said that our lives are just stepping stones to higher things. Your life that is almost done, just like the lives of the little coral polyps in the sea, is a stepping stone, for the man who comes after you, to reach higher. And mine—that is just begun—perhaps for me there is a stepping stone from the old life to the new that is higher and sweeter. The men that climb by the lives of those that have gone will think of us as the old men who 'didn't know how'. And Hiram, you and I will be watching this thing called 'Progress' from beyond the hills—and perhaps others will be with us that we long for now. Always the world will be changing, while we watch it, yet love will always be the same, and love will bind us all into the same age, and 'Progress', after all, will make no difference."

And little did the old man, or Peter, realize that thus were his richest sermons preached, and people never knew.

The old man rose slowly. "Peter, man, stepping stones! Who'd 'a thought it? Peter, it is beautiful! God bless you, Peter, 'n' goodnight."

Left alone, Peter sat brooding. The fire burned fitfully, throwing now a dreaming glow, and then a dancing shadow across his strong face.

He had had a letter from an old college friend this morning who had written: "Poor little Jane Dair has hard lines ahead. Mother dead, old father lonely and broken. She has given up her work to stay with him, but the settlement work she still keeps, and it is telling on her. The old man's finances—in a sad plight. Poor girl—she was a little brick at college, and a dandy companion. She seems strangely lonely, yet will not have much of her old college mates. Too bad she hasn't a home of her own. She's too fine a girl to waste herself in the slums and be tied down to an unhappy, lonely life, with old grief for her sole companion. We used to think you—forgive me!—but thought you would be interested." Peter was seeing the letter again in his mind. "Jane \* \* so unhappy! Can it be, you are lonely, too? The finest little college chum a fellow ever had. That last commencement—have you forgotten it?—and they were all so proud of you! \* \* What a little brick you were when you turned me down, with all my wealthy parish, and fashionable folk—'Peter, I could care if you would only do big, worthwhile things you were fitted to do. You have disappointed me, Peter, since you began your work. Does your great, fashionable parish mean to you a human brotherhood or just a *church*? How could you live without that society and wealth? What have you really *found* the two years since you left the university? Oh, Peter, don't misunderstand me! I cannot love you as you want me to! Go, Peter, and find the true church—go, and learn what life really is—and love, Peter."

"Oh, what a blind fool I was to close you out of my life after that, Jane! I should have learned from your beautiful life of sacrifice. Did God send me to the hills seeking health, to find life—to bring me close to bitterness, and toil and weariness and sacrifice—to find life—and love?"

"These two years have taught me, and Jane, *you* have shown me the big things! And some day *I* shall bring you here and show you the big things you never dreamed of". A tender smile lit up his face with ineffable peace. A back log fell apart with a shower of sparks and slowly blackened into two charred ends. Peter sat brooding—lost in a dream future. "I am coming, Jane! \* \* Not yet, but oh, some day \* \*."



## Fort Dobbs

*Vera Millsaps, '15, Cornelian*

The early settlers of Rowan County were composed principally of Germans and Scotch-Irish, who came from Pennsylvania. They had come from Europe to Pennsylvania, but as land could not be obtained there without difficulty, because the proprietors of that province purchased it from the natives in small parcels which were quickly taken up, they soon began to seek land further south. The Germans came first and settled in the broad fertile country east and north of the Yadkin River. The Scotch-Irish soon followed them and occupied vacant lands, mostly to the west of the Germans, along both sides of the Catawba River. The first arrival of the pioneer train may have occurred about the year 1745, but the larger part of these people did not commence to settle in North Carolina until 1750.

These early settlers soon found themselves having trouble with the Indians. The French and the English were fighting to decide which of the two should hold the North American Continent. The French established a cordon of forts which extended from Canada to the Ohio River, made friends of the Indians and were so successful in arousing their enmity against the English that it became proper at an early period to adopt measures for securing the friendship or assistance of the Indians who bordered on North Carolina. Until tampered with by the French, the Cherokees and Catawbas were not hostile to the English settlers, but were rather friendly disposed toward them.

In June, 1753, Matthew Rowan, president of the council, said: "There are in the up-country at least three thousand fighting men, for the most part Scotch-Irish and Germans, and steadily increasing." The Indians were constantly bothering these people, murdering somebody occasionally, and stealing continually—the Cherokees killed and the Catawbas stole. In this same month "three French and five Northward Indians met and fought thirteen Catawba Indians within less than two miles of Salisbury during the session of the court.

Two of the French and three of the Northward Indians were killed.”

When the Assembly met in April, 1754, “1,000 pounds of Proclamation money was appropriated to buy arms and ammunition for the poor inhabitants of Rowan and Anson Counties, they being the most exposed to attacks of Indians and French.” Matthew Rowan, as president of the council, acted with “vigor, prudence and a wise discretion” in working for such an appropriation.

In June, Colonel John Clark, of Anson County, expressed a letter to President Rowan, informing him that sixteen white people had been murdered and ten carried away. At the time of the writing a party of Catawba Indians were on the track of the Indians who committed the murder. President Rowan sent up what powder and lead he could get and gave orders to Colonel Smith, the commanding officer in Rowan County, to assist Colonel Clark.

Notwithstanding the increasing Indian troubles, settlers were still coming in hundreds of wagons from the northward, and at this time (1754) there were 10,116 whites and 54 blacks in Rowan County.

The Cherokees, a numerous and warlike nation, at first expressed good will toward the newcomers, but, influenced by the French within the last few months, began menacing them and raising great apprehension. The Catawbas, though they had only 240 warriors, expressed their warmest friendship.

A treaty was held with the Catawbas in Salisbury, August 29. They were charged with killing a little girl, stealing bread, meat, meal, clothes, and horses, attempting to steal a child and to stab men and women who tried to oppose them in the commission of their crimes. Their king, Haglar, replied that the killing was not done by the Catawbas, the attempted child-stealing was only a joke, the horses were their own which had strayed, and that his warrior only took food from churlish settlers who refused to give it to them. He requested that no more liquor be sold to his young men, saying that it was a great cause of trouble. The treaty was closed with protestations of friendship on each side.

Governor Dobbs took the oath of office as governor of North Carolina, October 31, 1754. He thought that the Indians ought to be treated with fairness and justice, and believed that they could be won by kindness and square dealing.

Among Governor Dobbs' first duties was to acquaint the Board of Trade of affairs in the province. On November 9, 1754, he wrote: "There is not one pound of Gunpowder or shot in Store in the Province nor any arms, and those given in by his Majesty are not yet arrived from Virginia, though hourly expected; nor is there twelve barrels of powder in Traders hands. \* \* Considering the murders lately committed by the French and Indians at the back settlements, it will be necessary to erect a Fort beyond our farthest settlers to protect the Frontier and our Indian allies."

Again, November 20, 1754, he wrote: "I shall endeavor to get a fund from the Assembly to erect a fort on our Western Frontier." The assembly met in December, but no appropriation was made. By January, 1755, however, so many murders had been committed by the "French and Indians, and French in Indian dress" that a company of fifty men under one captain, one lieutenant, and one ensign was organized for the defense of this frontier. Hugh Waddell, only twenty-one years old, though evidently a born soldier and doubtless trained and disciplined, was made captain. As an Indian fighter he was without equal in the province. For seven years (1755-62) he served as a leader and commander, fought the Indians on the frontier, and shared all the danger and hardships of the people.

In June, 1755, Governor Dobbs set out to view his lands, he having a claim to 200,000 acres on Rocky River and its branches, and, at the same time the western frontier, and to fix a place to station the frontier company. When he reached Salisbury, he followed the Catawba Indian trail for fourteen miles to within three miles of the northwest corner of his "lands".

The frontier company, under Captain Waddell, who had been sent "to scout upon the mountains", now joined the Governor and they "set out to fix upon a proper and most central place for them to winter at, and to erect a barrack,

and, if found proper, there to build a fort." They proceeded northward to the latitude 30 degrees and 46 minutes, a point about equidistant from the northern and southern boundaries of the province. Here the Governor found "an eminence and good springs beautifully situated in the fork of Fourth Creek", and fixed upon it as the most central place from which to assist the back settlers, and to which the settlers might retreat when necessary, as it was beyond the well-settled country, only straggling settlements being behind them.

Governor Dobbs' visit was shortened by the news of Braddock's defeat. He ordered two wagons to be sent to Charleston, South Carolina, for ammunition, and two others to Newberne for arms, and then hastily set out for Newberne. On August 25, 1755, he wrote the authorities in England: "Before I returned from the Province I gave Directions to put the Frontier in the best state of Defense against Indian IncurSIONS, by having 100 select men in Readiness to join our Frontier Company."

When the Legislature met on September 25, Governor Dobbs set forth the condition of the Province, the increasing danger from the French, their growing influence over the Indians, and the necessity for renewed exertions to defeat their schemes. He appealed to them to grant as large a sum as possible, consistent with the resources of the Province, to defend the frontier and to assist in offensive operations against the enemy. He urged, in this connection, that a fort be built on the site which he had selected on his recent visit, and which was two miles north of the present town of Statesville, in Iredell County.

In response to this appeal, the Legislature appropriated 10,000 pounds for the erection of a fort at that point. At the same time it was provided that three companies should be raised for a garrison. Governor Dobbs selected Captain Waddell to build the fort and to take command of the garrison. He was told to win the Indians to the side of the English and to make a treaty with them.

Danger from the Indians seemed to be overhanging the Province to such an extent that Governor Dobbs appointed the last Wednesday in September as a day of fasting and humilia-

tion, and directed all the people to meet in their places of worship and pray that the "distress upon the land" be removed.

The people on the frontier did not yet have a church, but they kept this fast day and worshipped at their "stand, a slab between two white oak trees", about a mile southwest of the site selected for the fort.

During the autumn of 1755, Captain Waddell and his men built the fort, which was named Fort Dobbs, in honor of the Governor. They built "a good, substantial building 53 feet long by 24 feet wide and  $24\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. The thickness of the walls, which were made of oak logs, regularly diminished from sixteen inches to six. The building contained three floors and there could be discharged from each floor at one and the same time about 100 muskets".

In January, 1756, Governor Dobbs wrote to Sir William Pitt, saying: "We have had no attacks or insults yet on our frontier, owing principally to our Frontier Company and neighborhood of the Catawba Indians, our friends."

In May, King Haglar, with a small number of "braves and young men", marched through Salisbury and asked for a conference with Chief Justice Henley. At this conference he protested undying friendship, asked for a fort to protect their dependent ones while he and his warriors were fighting for the whites, for the pay promised for recovering the horses stolen by the Cherokees, and for powder and lead to be used in fighting the French and their allies, and again urged that no more "strong drink" be given or sold to his wild young men. He ended his speech with a solemn pledge to stand by the English in their troubles with the French.

Then Chief Justice Henley said: "In testimony of the great regard we have for our brave friends and brethren, the Catawbas, at our own expense we now present you with such a supply of powder and lead as we could get to supply your present necessities."

When Governor Dobbs learned of the conference he ordered 100 weight of gunpowder and 400 weight of lead and what wampum he could procure to the Catawbas.

The Catawbias were still friendly, but by July robberies and abuses had been committed to such an extent by strolling bands of Indians, believed to be Cherokees, headed by the French, who hoped to provoke the settlers to some action which would serve as a pretext to fall upon them and murder them, and to bring on a general war, that the settlers on Broad and Catawba Rivers sent petitions to the Governor for help.

These bad conditions continued on the frontier during the summer. Colonel Alexander Osborne wrote to Governor Dobbs, showing the exposed condition, and in October, 1756, Matthew Rowan wrote to the King, saying: "The whole province of North Carolina is in a defenseless condition. The frontier is exposed to great dangers, and in case of war, Fort Dobbs and its garrison, even though assisted by the militia, will be able to make little defense. Many of the settlers are leaving; some are seeking refuge with the Moravians, who have enclosed their town and mill with palisades."

Some idea of what Fort Dobbs meant to the settlers during these dreadful days may be obtained from the following account: "Often a family in a lonesome farmhouse would go to bed with no thought of an Indian raid. Before day a messenger from Fort Dobbs would step up to the house, tap lightly on the door or window, and whisper 'Hurry to the fort. The Indians are coming.' In a moment the bold messenger was gone to warn the next family, but terror was left behind him.

\* \* In darkness and silence the father snatched his rifle and knife from the nearby pegs; the mother helped the children to hurry on their clothes. All caught up any food within reach. Then the race for the fort began. Sometimes it was reached in safety; sometimes a whole family sank under Indian tomahawks. Morning often found dozens of families, who had gone to bed miles apart, huddled inside the fort or in some fortified home."

During the autumn of this year (1765), the Assembly sent Richard Caswell and Francis Brown to view the western settlements and report their "present condition". They presented their report December 2, 1756, in which they said: "The settlements are in a defenseless condition except that part near Fort Dobbs where we found, under Captain Waddell, 46

effective men, the said Officers appearing well and good in Spirits.”

Conditions were not so bad on the frontier during 1757, and the frontier forces were on duty elsewhere for weeks. In December, Governor Dobbs wrote: “We are still free from any incursions from the Indians in this Province, having kept two companies on the Western Frontier.”

In February and March, 1758, the Cherokees and Catawbias were constantly passing to and from Virginia while they were assisting in carrying on the war, and the people were forced to feed them as they passed by, though they knew not when they would return and tomahawk the whole family. But the Indians were fed quickly and courteously, and at evening the settlers went to Fort Dobbs to spend the night. Many of the women and children stayed there most of the winter and spring (1758).

Rachael Davidson, the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Davidson, was born in the fort during one of those windy March nights.

The settlers became much distressed because Captain Waddell had to take the soldiers away from the fort and go to western Pennsylvania for help, but their petition was left for the consideration of the next Assembly.

Again Governor Dobbs appointed a day for fasting and supplication (June 7, 1759) because the prospect of the land was so dark and full of dread. The settlers met and observed the day very religiously, for they sorely felt their need, now that human help had failed them, for there were just two men at Fort Dobbs, Jacob Franks and one assistant. This was all the protection they had from June 14 to November 10, 1758.

The victory at Fort Duquesne in November was the cause of great rejoicing, because Captain Waddell was coming back to protect those who so sorely needed him.

But, although North Carolina had contributed to the expulsion of the French from Fort Duquesne, it was only to aggravate her own troubles, for it resulted in transferring French influence to the Cherokees on her western border and kindling anew their animosity which had been quieted by treaties and acts of conciliation. The result was a series of outbreaks

which did not leave the settlers in North Carolina in a state of absolute security until the treaty of peace between England and France was made in 1763.

Early in the year 1759 Captain Waddell was again put in charge of the frontier with power to call out the militia of Orange, Anson and Rowan Counties whenever it was necessary.

The danger became so constant, and attacks so frequent, that most of the frontiersmen left their homes for the fort where their women and children remained day and night. The men went out in armed companies to forage or to work in the fields nearest the fort.

One day a party of 15 or 20 men went out to Moses Potts' place on a foraging expedition. Hardly had they begun to work before they were attacked by the Indians and seven were killed before they had a chance to defend themselves. The others fled in hot pursuit, but two soon fell and were scalped, and another fell within sight of the fort.

The men rallied at the fort and a scouting party was sent out to scour the country. The Indians moved swiftly to the west, and the scouting party did not see one until after they had crossed the Catawba River. A party of Indians was found in a deserted house on the western side of the river. The men hid themselves behind a straw-stack near the house and by throwing lighted torches upon the roof set the house on fire. They were able to kill several of the Indians as they rushed from the house. Upon observation the men found that the Indians who had fallen were dressed in clothing which had been stolen from the settlers, and they also recognized many of their neighbors' scalps dangling from the Indians' belts. It is probable that these men got ten pounds that day, for Captain Waddell recommended to the Committee on Public Claims that "a proper allowance be made for the taking of 10 Indian scalps by a party of volunteers who went out at their own expense and did not bring any charge against the public for the same."

Companies were kept out ranging almost constantly during this year (1759) to keep strolling parties of Indians from prowling around, so that the men could tend their crops. Com-



panies were out ranging under Captains Kuykendall, Morgan, Bryan, Conrad, Michael, Hunt, McManus, Griffith, Rutherford, Kerr, Ellis, Teague, Phelps; Lieutenants Dobbins, Floyd, Miller, Thompson; and Ensigns Giles and Howard.

One day a party of men went over to a stillhouse at the mill on the old Morrison place to attend to the whiskey. They kindled a fire three times and each time it went out. They became superstitious, and with equal willingness departed to a house about a quarter of a mile away to spend the night. The next morning they saw a party of Indians just leaving the stillhouse. The Indians, expecting them over that night, had lain in ambush, hoping to murder them while they worked. The men, thoroughly frightened, quickly made their way back to the fort.

During the late fall and winter the wandering bands of Indians became larger and more aggressive, and by February, 1760, they were hovering around the fort and would not go away, though Colonel Waddell sent out parties after them. The fort's garrison was not large and the scouting parties had of necessity to be small.

Late in the evening of February 27, 1760, a woman who had been to the spring a short distance east of the fort, came back with a white, scared face, saying that there were Indians down the creek, but as the men believed that she was needlessly frightened, no party was sent to investigate. That night the dogs kept howling so persistently that Colonel Waddell and Captain Bailey, with eight other men, went out to reconnoiter. Colonel Waddell gave the following account of what happened: "For several days I observed that a small party of Indians were constantly about the fort; I sent out several small parties after them, to no purpose. The evening before last, between eight and nine o'clock, I found by the dogs making an uncommon noise there must be a party nigh a spring which we sometimes use. As my garrison is but small and I was apprehensive it was a scheme to draw out the garrison, I took out Captain Bailey, who, with myself and party, made up ten. We had not marched 300 yards from the fort when we were attacked by at least 60 or 70 Indians. I had given my party orders not to fire until I gave the word, which they punctually

observed. We received the Indians' fire. When I perceived they had almost all fired, I ordered my party to fire, which we did, not farther than twelve steps, each loaded with a bullet and seven buckshot. They had nothing to cover them, as they were advancing either to tomahawk or to make us prisoners. They found the fire very hot from so small a number, which a good deal confused them. I then ordered my party to retreat, as I found the instant our skirmish began another party had attacked the fort. Upon our reinforcing the garrison, the Indians were soon repulsed with, I am sure, a considerable loss. From what I myself saw, as well as those I can confide in, they could not have less than ten or twelve killed and wounded, and I believe they have taken six of my horses to carry off their wounded. The next morning we found a great deal of blood and one dead, whom I suppose they could not find in the night. On my side I had two men wounded, one of whom I am afraid will die, as he is scalped, the other is in the way of recovery, and one boy killed near the fort whom they durst not advance to scalp. I expected they would have paid me another visit last night, as they attack all fortifications by night, but find they did not like their reception."

The wounded soldiers were well cared for by Dr. John Teague, who was paid 15 pounds for medicines for the garrison at Fort Dobbs. The boy who was scalped, Robert Campbell, was allowed 20 pounds by the Assembly for "present subsistence".

New companies were out ranging all through the year 1760 under Colonel Nat Alexander, Major Robert McClearachan, Captains Martin Phifer, Willis Ellis, Thomas Allison, Sam French, Hugh Parks, William Neil, and Ensign James Smith. Colonel Osborne, Captains Phifer, Kerr, Michael, Little and Brown, with their companies, took part in the expedition against the Cherokees, and John Olliphant and Hugh Montgomery "wagoned the expedition".

An ample appropriation having been made, Colonel Waddell was given four independent companies in addition to the frontier militia under his command, for the protection of the settlers.

During the summer the Catawbias were attacked by a scourge of smallpox which killed them by the hundreds. When the epidemic was over King Haglar did not have more than 50 or 60 warriors left.

The power of the Cherokees was broken by the expedition conducted against them by Captain Waddell in 1761.

Captain Waddell, Captain Bailey, and the garrison all left in 1762. Walter Lindsay was left to care for the fort. He was paid 20 pounds for taking care of it, and the stores, and for a month's pay four men whom he called in to his assistance when the Indians killed King Haglar and several white people.

In April, 1762, the House directed that all the arms and ammunition then remaining in Fort Dobbs be carried to the Moravian settlement or some other place of safety nearby. At this same meeting of the Assembly Doctor Sam Green was allowed his claim of 11 pounds, 3 shillings, 4 pence for medicines used at Fort Dobbs, and Henry Horah, 20 shillings for wagon hire.

In 1764, the Committee of Public Claims recommended that the stores should be removed from Fort Dobbs to save further expense to the public, and resolved that no person should be paid thereafter for taking care of them. There is no record as to when, if ever, the stores were removed.

Govenor Dobbs wrote the Board of Trade, on April 30, 1766, as follows: "Fort Dobbs is now in ruins, and if it had been kept up, it could not have been of further service against the Indians as the inhabitants of this province have, since the last war extended their settlements 70 miles to the westward of the fort."

There has long been a tradition in the country that there was a very deep well at the fort, and that after the fort ceased to be used as a fortification, one, at least, of the cannon was thrown into the well. In 1847 a sum was raised by subscription to open the well with the hope that the field piece might be found. An excavation to the depth of forty feet was made where the well had been, but nothing of value was found. It was discovered that this well had never furnished any water, for those who dug it came to a rock which they could not pene-

trate. They either had no well or some other than this which has not yet been found.

Tradition says that the fort was used as an arsenal during the Revolutionary War.

When the Cherokees were on the warpath in 1776, there was born in the fort a little child, Margaret Locke, ancestress of the late Mrs. Hugh Reynolds, also of Mr. George Watt of the county, who now has in his possession a long-handled skillet said to have been used in the fort in 1776.

Tradition also says that the fort was finally destroyed by fire—though not until a part of it had been removed. The old “Stevenson schoolhouse”, which stood on the Adderholt plantation, was built from logs hauled from Fort Dobbs. A lady in that neighborhood says that she attended her first school in that house, and when her father took her to school the first day, he showed her the holes in the walls through which the men shot at the Indians.

Two or three years ago Mr. C. V. Henkle bought the old schoolhouse and has since built a barn on the Adderholt plantation out of the logs, and today the holes through which guns were fired at the Indians may be seen in the sides of this barn.

Just when the site of the fort became private property is not known, but August 5, 1809, Alexander Huggins and Martha Irwin were married and went to housekeeping in their new house at the northern foot of the hill on which the site was located, the site being part of their estate.

In 1910 the Fort Dobbs Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, led by the patriotic devotion of its first regent, Mrs. W. A. Thomas, placed a block of granite on the site of Fort Dobbs, which was given to them by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hatchett, the present owners of the surrounding estate. The marker bears the following inscription:

Site of  
Fort Dobbs  
1755  
Erected by Fort Dobbs Chapter, D. A. R.  
1910

A depression on the site marks the old cellar, and a large clump of bushes marks the "excavated" well. Through the influence of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a picnic was held at Fort Dobbs July 4, 1913; 1,000 to 1,500 people of the county were present to help celebrate the historic spot. Mr. Whitehead Klutz, of Salisbury, made the address. He said: "Fort Dobbs is a memorable landmark in that long and mighty struggle in which the white men broke over the wall of the Appalachians, and swept on until they met the Pacific. \* \* Hugh Waddell and the men who held Fort Dobbs in the day of French and Indian warfare were forerunners in the wilderness, helping in an indispensable way the advent of America. \* \* Honored be their memories and the spot where they fought for you and me."

The military feature of the day was a sham battle by the Iredell Blues. The battle continued for some little time and about 5,000 blank cartridges were fired from modern army rifles about the site of the old fort, where "old-fashioned muskets and bows and arrows once wrought death and sorrow".

Thus time has dealt with the old stronghold, the farthest outpost of civilization in North Carolina in 1755, and only bits of facts from which its history may be pieced together now remain.

## The White Rose

*Ruth Harris, '15, Adelprian*

It was a late afternoon in early summer. I had been to call on a friend who lives on the other side of town and was wearing some old-fashioned, spicy smelling white roses which she had given me from her garden. There was a cloud coming up in the southwest, and I was hurrying along when I saw old Dr. Brown jogging along behind Molly. I hailed him and asked for a lift.

As we drove along the doctor seemed so unlike his usual cheery self that I guessed at once that some case was weighing on his mind. I had often been with him in his work at the county home and among the poor people, for he was county physician, and I knew how often his kind heart was touched at their misfortunes and also how often he was imposed upon by selfish patients.

"What is the matter?" I asked, pretending to joke him. "That cantankerous old Mrs. Green hasn't been sending for you again, has she?"

It always put him out to be summoned to doctor that venerable lady's imaginary ills.

"No, no, daughter. Nothing's the matter. But I wonder if you wouldn't do me a favor. You know old Mrs. Cartwright has had another spell, and I wonder if you wouldn't run around there and see how she is. You know how the medicine ought to be given. Give her that and get old Mrs. Decken to stay with her tonight. I am afraid for her to be all alone. I'll go by and tell Tom to come after you in the car. I'd go to see her myself, but Tom Smith's boy's got to be taken to the hospital right away—emergency case."

I was nearly bursting with pride that the Doctor should place so much confidence in *me*, and I consented right gladly; for here was an opportunity to show what a good nurse I was, even though I was not professional.

Thus it came about that dusk found me at the old Dobbin House on the outskirts of town. The house, which was once a stately brick mansion of the days of Cornwallis and the

redcoats, was now a mere shell, cracked and crumbling, with shutters broken and gone, and a growth of rank weeds up to the very door. But the glamour of "ye olden days" still hung about it. The first floor had been used as a grocery store but was now unoccupied. Only the fly-specked picture of a buxom pink lady drinking pepsi-cola remained in the grimy show windows. There were only three rooms on the second floor in a tenantable condition. One was Mrs. Cartwright's and the other two were taken by a woman who took in sewing. The cobwebby, dilapidated third was tenantless. On a stormy night the wind whistled through the broken panes, while the doors banged and the rats held high carnival about the vacant rooms. Then it seemed that the shades of the departed grandes, in all their powder and patches, came back, and, with rustle of hoop skirts and clinking of swords, danced the minuet in those deserted halls.

Involuntarily I shuddered as I mounted the dark stairs, and I wondered for the hundredth time who Mrs. Cartwright was and why she lived on charity in such an eery place. She had seen better days, I was sure of that. In appearance she was just like any other withered old woman of seventy except for her eyes. Those dark sunken orbs had a piercing brilliance and they seemed to flash like searchlights, straight back into your mind, and deep, deep down into the soul of you. Lily May, the little negress who brought Mrs. Cartwright her meals, once told the grocery boy:

"Yaas, sah! ah allers do whut she tell me, believe muh, 'case she'll work a spell awn yah if you don't." And that was my attitude exactly. I always did what she told me.

I knocked on the door, but there was no quivering "come in-n" in response, as usual. I went in, and hastened to light the lamp on the stand at the head of her bed. Then I saw that her face was flushed with fever and that she was tossing to and fro. As I bent over her, the roses I was wearing brushed her cheek.

"Take 'em off, take 'em off!" she screamed suddenly, and snatching my innocent roses from my coat she flung them on the floor. Her face was working pitifully.

“Ugh! I can’t bear to smell them! Take ’em away!”

I hastened to throw the offending flowers out the window, but the mischief had already been done.

“Oh, Henry! Henry! how could you? I hate you! Don’t touch me! Go away! Go away!” she screamed.

“I don’t care if you die of starvation—.” She was talking wildly, and frightened, I ran across the hall for the little seamstress. But there was a placard on the door saying, “Gone until Wednesday”.

“Henry, Henry, I hate you! And you, too, Mary—do not try to defend him. You know he did it. Go away, go away, all of you—!” came from the room within.

I ran to the street door. As I drew back the bolt, the door blew open and a cloud of dust whirled in my face. It was dark outside and there was the sound of trees popping and swaying. What was I to do? There was no one in calling distance and I was terribly afraid of storms and the dark. At this moment there was a scream above me, and I turned and fled upstairs.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash and a loud report that jarred the whole house until the glass shattered in the windowpanes overhead. I cowered and shrieked aloud; for I thought that surely the house had been struck, but the report died away; no harm was done. Then I realized that I must do something for the woman. In agony and terror I fought the fever with every medical aid I could think of, while peal after peal of thunder shook the house and the quick flashes of lightning struck terror to my soul. At last, when the thunder had subsided into low mutterings in the west, and the winds were still, Mrs. Cartwright seemed to fall into a quiet sleep.

Then the reaction came. A nameless fear at being alone seized me. The old house seemed strangely alive with the ghosts of bygone days. A rattling noise overhead made me jump. I had no idea of the time, but I knew it must be late. Why hadn’t the Doctor sent for me? Then I remembered what he had said about having a serious operation on hand, and I knew that he had forgotten all about poor little me. Mother thought I was spending the night with my friend. So it seemed that I must stay until morning. I wondered why



my roses had such a startling effect on Mrs. Cartwright, and who was Henry, and why she was so angry with him. Evidently from what I could gather from her delirious talk they had had a bitter quarrel which had changed the whole course of her life. I was wondering about it all when I turned involuntarily to find those strange, dark eyes fastened upon me.

"Miss Mary," she said faintly, "you here?"

When I hastened to assure her that I was there looking after her, and that she was all right, she said to me wearily:

"Miss Mary, I want to tell you something that has been preying on my mind until I feel like I can't stand it if I don't tell somebody." And then I knew that I was to find out the secret of her life.

"I know you have often wondered about me," she went on, "many's the time I've seen it in your eyes. Fifty-odd years ago I was the belle of a little country town down in Georgia. I was the only girl and had one brother, Henry. My father and mother died before I could remember much about them, except that my mother was a frail, sweet-faced little woman and that my father always inspired me with fear. I kept out of his way most of the time, especially when he was in a rage. He was a man of ungovernable temper, and people used to call him 'Cussin' Jim' because of his profanity when crossed. Yet men were fascinated by his commanding personality, and he was the political boss of all the surrounding mill districts.

"My brother Henry had charge of all my property and I lived with him and his wife at the old home place, 'Rose Cottage'.

"One morning I was gathering white roses on a trellis near the library window when I heard angry voices inside. Henry was in a terrible quarrel with a stranger. I heard the stranger demand of my brother the payment of a gambling debt and I heard my brother answer:

"'Good God, man; can't you give me a little time. I can't pay you until our stock watering scheme is pulled off!'

"And when the stranger insisted, he vehemently declared that he had lost not only all his money, but mine, too, in some speculating scheme, and that 'Rose Cottage' was mortgaged

and about to be seized—'Rose Cottage', which was named for my mother, and which she had willed to me!

"Something seemed to snap in me when I heard these things. In that moment all that I had inherited from my father came to the surface. Rushing in upon them, I burst into a mad paroxysm of rage which my father could scarcely have equalled. I shook my brother savagely, and stamped the floor until Mary, my sister-in-law, came running in with white face and trembling lips. I immediately began to pack up my belongings. Mary implored me on her knees to forgive my brother, but I was as hard as flint, and with taunting words, left my home, never to return.

"I have never been able to outlive the consequences of that hour!—to this day I cannot bear the sight or the smell of white roses—Oh! how can I bear to think of it?" she cried in agony.

"Dear Mrs. Cartwright," I said, "do not go on if the memory is so painful. Let us forget it."

"But I must finish," she returned. "You must hear the whole story. After I left my brother's house, I went to spend the summer with a friend in the city. During that summer I married a man who was in every way my inferior, and I soon discovered my mistake. Before long my husband lost what money he had, and we moved out West where nobody knew us. He drank—it's the usual story—and I grew wrinkled and old with care and drudgery. My spirit was completely broken. Oh! I was considered poor white trash!—I who had always been so proud! But let me pass quickly over those bitter years. My husband died when I was about fifty! Now stooped and wrinkled and poverty stricken, I got away as quick as I could. I came here and took in sewing, but the evil star that has guided my life had still other misfortunes in store. I had been here only a few weeks before I was stricken with paralysis. I would have starved before I would have asked a morsel from my hated brother and his family, and besides, I had no idea where they were; for I had heard that they had moved away from the old home town. They wanted to take me to the poorhouse, but I would not go. I would have died right then and there. So the church took

me in, and I have been living in this room for twenty years. I had thought to die here, an unknown pauper, but as I get weaker, I can't bear the idea somehow. It's so terribly lonesome. I get to thinking about what if I should die here all alone some night. Nobody would care. Mary's face as she pleaded with me the day I left her house forever haunts me so I cannot sleep. Oh, I could forgive them now! I want a home, a home! This terrible loneliness! I cannot bear it! Henry! Henry! Are you coming? Where are you?"

Seeing that she was getting delirious again, I hastily gave her one of Dr. Brown's tablets, and she wandered off into an uneasy sleep, calling her brother's name over and over again.

"He is coming; he will be here soon, real soon," I repeated softly, for the words seemed to soothe her.

Suddenly there was a sound of feet, and the Doctor rushed in, followed by a dark, handsome young man. There was a shriek from the bed.

"Henry! Henry! Come to me!"

And the dark, handsome boy knelt by the bedside.

"Thank God! We have been searching for you a whole year now. It was father's last wish. Won't you come home to us all? We need you, Aunt Margaret."

A lump came up in my throat just then, and I ran out on the landing. Sitting down on the top step, I did a very silly thing—I cried—not at all like a trained nurse should act. Then the Doctor came to take me home.

Outside it was cool and fresh from the rain. There was a stirring among the wet trees and the birds began to chirrup. Over in the east a faint pink tinged the sky. A bright morning was going to dawn, for the night of storm had passed away.

## The Guiding Tortoise

*Eugenia Watson, '17, Cornelian*

"Yes, they've got to have it, an' there's no way fer them to git it 'cept fer me to git it first." And the speaker, a slender, dark-haired girl, gathered with renewed energy the nuts which lay scattered about her; and without a glance, dropped them into the half-filled rusty bucket. Without heeding the chilly, mountain breeze of that October morning, or the dirt, which after the night's rain stuck to her hands, Nancy Bates worked as steadily and industriously as if her only thoughts had been of the chestnuts which she was gathering. But in reality she was not thinking at all of her present task, but of another and much more difficult one which she had decided to undertake.

During the sixteen years of Nancy's life she had lived in one of the most remote sections of western North Carolina. Four months of each year she attended the district school two miles from her home, and the other eight months she helped her mother with the work, sometimes inside, sometimes outside. She had never been acquainted with luxury; and she showed no dislike for the things she had always been accustomed to; but inwardly she wished for a life not exactly like the one she had been used to living. She was not selfish in her wishes; in fact her greatest concern was for her twin brothers just younger than herself. Her most earnest wish was that those boys, whom she believed to be capable of acquiring it, might some day have a college education. At present she could see no way by which to accomplish her hopes. In the first place how could she earn the money to send them to school? After pondering long over the matter she had come to the conclusion that the only way to do it was to educate herself first; and it was of this that she was thinking in the beginning of our story.

Nancy's father, although a poor man, could have furnished his daughter with the necessary money, but she knew how useless it would be to depend upon that. She was not an unreasonable girl and she saw clearly why her parents should take

little interest in the education she so longed for. They had lived well enough, they believed, with a "free-school ejication", and they saw no reason why their children could not also. They had heard education spoken of only as a means of enabling people to live with less work, or to keep from being "hewers of wood and drawers of water". They had seen no college men and women whom they wished their children to resemble; so the ideals which they had set for their children were that they should grow up to be honest, industrious men and women, with no desire to be otherwise than their parents had been. It would be impossible to say why Nancy was different from the others, but her love for reading and study had led her to read of many things about which she wished to learn more, and she believed that at college was the place to learn everything. Then, too, she found stories of college life very interesting. When she came to the conclusion that the course for her to take was to first educate herself, she had scarcely begun the solution of the difficult problem. By this time she had filled her bucket with nuts; so she started home with a strong determination to ask her father for money enough to pay for a term at K— High School. True to her expectation, he refused to give her the money.

Her parents were never intentionally unkind, and they were much troubled to find that Nancy was not content with her lot. This affair of Nancy's was discussed in the presence of the whole family; and the younger children, always ready for an opportunity to tease, found this quite a treat. One of the twins suggested that Nancy sell her chestnuts and procure the necessary money. The other advised her to hunt the tortoise.

About seventy-five years before our story opens an old miser had lived where the Bates family now lived. He had accumulated a large sum of money which he hid and had always refused to tell where. But, the story was, he had in some way indicated the spot by carving directions on the back of a tortoise, which, just before his death, he had set free. The people of the community, not excluding the Bates children, had frequently searched for what they had at last come to believe was a fabulous tortoise. The story was so

often repeated by the children that Nancy felt no more resentment than belief. However, her former faith in the hidden treasure and the guide to it was awakened a few days later.

The boys decided to make a practical joke of the matter and hunted assiduously for a tortoise until they found one. When they secured the object of their search they proceeded to carve on its shell: "Big rock, Gad Hill." They kept their prize imprisoned until their sister went again to gather nuts. This time they both went with her, each taking a bucket and one an extra bag in which he carried the tortoise. They watched carefully until they saw their chance. Then placing the tortoise on the ground, they moved away where they would be unnoticed and waited to see the result. Just as they had hoped, Nancy soon came upon it, and saw the inscription on its back; but contrary to their expectation, she slipped it into her bucket and said nothing to them about what she had found. She did not know that the boys had seen her, and she resolved that no one should know about it until she could investigate further.

The next day came and not one word had been told of Nancy's captive, which she was keeping safely hidden in the cellar. The boys had not enjoyed the situation so much as they had anticipated; for they had expected that Nancy would go at once and begin digging, but they kept an eye on her until the next day, when they had to drive to market where they would be gone all day. Nancy seized this opportunity, and, taking her bucket, also an old mattock, secretly started to hunt for her pot of money, under pretense of going nutting. Gad Hill was out of sight of her home; so she could work unobserved by anyone. Without stopping, she worked until dinner time, but found nothing besides dirt and rocks. In order to keep her parents from suspecting anything, she stopped and went to dinner, but returned at once and resumed her search. She worked on until she heard the cow bells at the barn, when she knew that she must go to help her mother with the evening chores. Already she had dug all around the rock designated in the directions, but she had still found only dirt and heavy black rocks.

When the boys returned home that evening they went to see if Nancy had begun her task. The joke was too good to keep, so at supper one of them remarked that Nancy must have found the old miser's tortoise, for they had found a hole at the foot of Gad Hill large enough to hold a house full of gold, and that Nancy's bonnet was there. Then an explanation of the joke followed, and everybody, except Nancy, laughed heartily, and she was forced to smile a little at her deception.

The next morning when Nancy went to get her bonnet, she picked up some of the black rocks which she had dug out the day before and, upon examining them, decided that they must contain some kind of valuable mineral. She carried some of them home with her and threw them out of sight where they would not be a constant reminder of her disappointment. But, when once filled with hope, it is hard to give up, and Nancy determined to send a sample of the rocks to a mineralogist whose advertisement she found in a paper. The next day she secretly tied up a little package which she mailed to the man. With what eagerness she waited for an answer! At last it came, and she read with palpitating heart that the analysis of the sample showed it to be of a fine quality of its kind, and that the only thing to be considered was the amount and situation. Nancy felt sure that there was an abundance of it, but she thought despairingly of the distance from the railroad. In her reply she could give but little information, but when she heard again from the man he said that the company had decided to investigate the matter.

Nancy watched carefully for the mineralogist, and when he came she succeeded in getting to speak to him first. She did not wish to be made the butt of another joke, therefore she asked the man not to explain the fact that she had written him, and promised that she would show him the spot from which she had taken the sample. Mr. Bates had little faith in the natural resources of his farm, and little use for the inspector, but Nancy announced that she knew where some dark, heavy rocks were and volunteered to show the prospector the place. During the next few days farmer Bates saw many deep holes made around that hill, but he still believed it was all a sham

about getting anything valuable out of that "old pore hill". When at the end of a week he was offered \$25,000 for his mineral he was almost paralyzed.

Nancy now agreed that the mineralogist might tell her father how he happened to come to prospect for mineral. The whole family listened in amazement to the story. Then Mr. Bates gave his daughter a look which meant more to her and to him than any word of thanks he could express, but all he said was: "Well, Nannie, you can have all the money ye want fer yer ejication an' fer the boys, too; fer if you can do things like ye have and not git the big head, I'll resk it."

Nancy made no reply, but smiled gratefully at the mischievous brother, who suggested to his twin: "Less hunt another tortoise."





## A Trip to Mars

*Frances Tull, '16, Adelphian*

One hot July afternoon, in the little town of Hinton, Mrs. Knott, a great suffragette leader, was going to make an address on the subject of Woman's Rights. She wanted to make her address where everyone might hear her distinctly, and therefore the Woman's Club had arranged to have a balloon raised a few feet in the air and made stationary by a rope. This being the first speech on Woman's Rights in Hinton, everybody was there to hear this lady speak. The speech was to begin at 3:30, but the anxious crowd had gathered by 2 o'clock.

Promptly at 3:30 Mrs. Knott began to talk on what she thought were Woman's Rights. Mrs. Knott had scarcely begun to speak when the rope that was holding the balloon gave way and the balloon went sailing through the air, carrying the famous suffragette far away from her audience. And all because of the carelessness of a man.

The balloon ascended higher and higher, until Mrs. Knott could scarcely breathe in the light atmosphere. After sailing through the air for two days, Mrs. Knott thought she saw the world once more.

When the balloon settled, Mrs. Knott found, to her great surprise, that she was not on the earth, but Mars.

The inhabitants of Mars received Mrs. Knott with great curiosity and made very much of her. Mrs. Knott was very much surprised by her surroundings when she landed on Mars, but if she was surprised at her arrival, what must she have thought when she had been there three weeks? For Mars is very different from earth. She was in her element on Mars, for there everything is managed by the women. The women hold all offices, even that of policemen. But they have little need of policemen. The women are so wise and tactful in their management that everything is perfectly peaceful, and no one has any desire to be unruly. When traveling on Mars one will see immediately that the women have absolute charge of the trains and street cars. The dainty, muslin curtains at

the windows, the soft pillows on the seats, the many potted plants and cut flowers in the cars were placed there by none other than feminine hands. Pretty, bright flowers are also planted along the streets and roadsides to make the scenery more beautiful and restful to the eye. In the Legislative hall there are dainty, muslin curtains at the windows, and several rocking chairs with soft cushions for the comfort and pleasure of the Legislators. There are also potted plants and flowers to add beauty and freshness to the hall. Since the women have had charge of affairs on Mars everything has been so pleasant and peaceful that the weather has even changed. It is now the year round as springtime is on earth.

All this was very pretty and attractive to Mrs. Knott and she was very well contented to live among such beautiful and pleasant surroundings and have a good time.

In the meanwhile the women at Hinton were making a desperate search for Mrs. Knott. Searching parties were sent to all parts of the country to look for her, but they could find no trace of her. She seemed to have disappeared from all existence. When they had done all possible on land they prepared to have the Atlantic ocean dragged for their famous suffragette leader.

After living in luxury and ease for twelve months, Mrs. Knott was seized with a desire to go back to earth. But how was she to get over that awful gap between Mars and the earth? The balloon had ascended, but the question was, would it descend as well? Finally, after much hesitation and deliberation, it was decided that the best method would be for Mrs. Knott to stand on the edge of Mars and let someone push her off. This would cause rather a hard fall for Mrs. Knott, but she did not care; she only wanted to get back to earth, to a man-ruled country. This important action was to take place on Wednesday morning.

The eventful time arrived and Mrs. Knott was successfully pushed off the edge of Mars. The fall was a long one, but the trip was made rapidly. And on Thursday morning Mrs. Knott landed, unhurt, back on earth.

She went directly to Hinton where, instead of talking for Woman's Rights, she told her followers how everything was managed on Mars, and how tired one became of surroundings where the men had no voice in affairs. Then they all concluded that it would be decidedly better to let the men **manage** the public affairs as they have done ever since the world started.



## Living the Balanced Life

Summary of a Paper by Miss Bertha Conde

*Carey Wilson, '15, Cornelian*

Such a discussion is especially necessary in this age of rapid movement, in the ever-present whirl which leaves us no time to think. Women, who are oftener guilty of unbalanced living, are waking to their problem of the expenditure of the resources of life. Our sins are social as well as personal and before reform can come the universal need of personal conviction must be felt, and be responded to by concerted personal effort. There are three sins whose disastrous results upon the character and condition of their perpetrators are world-wide; these sins are the wrong use of time, of strength, and of money.

Once upon a time a little footsore, hungry newsboy climbed into a subway car at midnight in New York and sank down into a corner on the floor, just a dejected heap of hopelessness. His face was blank and his eyes roved listlessly until they chanced upon a corner of a torn, soiled newspaper on the floor. With the swift stealth of a veteran pickpocket he edged forward and seized it, drew from his pocket a two-inch pencil stub and, with the paper scrap spread on his knee, began writing H H H H over and over with the most intense absorption. He was teaching himself to write and had only gotten down the alphabet as far as the letter H. Now that is an example of the investment each of us should make of her time towards some worthy end. Utilize your time's odd corners, your car and train rides, and the results will amaze you. Budget your time, giving so much space to the common work of the community, so much to rest, to the happiness of others, to spiritual culture, to social culture, and to daily duties. In short, make the hard but encouraging surrender of all your time to Jesus Christ and He will teach you how best to use it.

We girls and women especially fail to realize that it is a positive sin before God to overdo physically. We reckon expenditure by dollars and cents, a few of us by time, but none of us by energy. We strain our minds and bodies to the

limit six days in the week and drop with exhaustion on the seventh, a condition which will mean eventual ruin. To be an invalid means the bitterness of physical incapability, but to be in-valid is to be worthless. What we need is a saner, larger sense of proportion. Each life must have some aim, conscious or unconscious, temporary or permanent. What is the fundamental purpose of my life, of your life? If you don't know, right now is the best time to find out, and when you have found out, to begin to conserve all your interests thereto.

In the matter of the right and wrong use of money volumes have been written and there is little to add. Someone has aptly said that money is stored-up personality. Did you ever think about that? The way in which you spend your money proclaims your character to the world. The main thing for college girls to remember is to discriminate between wants and needs, in many cases personal wants, and somebody else's needs. The greatest help in forming and strengthening such discrimination power is the keeping of a personal account book. One girl's account-keeping resulted at the end of the first month in fifty dollars for clothes, ten dollars for luxuries (candy, theater tickets, flowers), twenty-five cents for religious purposes. The record for the twelfth month was twenty dollars for clothes, five dollars for selfish good times, and ten dollars for religious purposes. It might be added that this last included two tickets to plays for girls who could not otherwise have attended, a party for the poor children of the neighborhood, and a Thanksgiving surprise for the poorest, oldest and most despised laborer in the neighborhood.



# State Normal Magazine

---

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the  
Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies.

---

## Board of Editors

### Adelphian

EDITH AVERY, '15 ✓  
ALICE SAWYER, '15  
ANNIE BEAM, '16

### Cornelian

CAREY WILSON, '15, *Chief*  
JULIA CANADAY, '15  
JANIE IPOCH, '16

## Business Managers

CORA SLOAN, '15, *Chief*

ROSA BLAKENEY, '16, *Assistant*

---

**VOL. XIX**

**NOVEMBER, 1914**

**No. 2**

---

Do you like the novels of Robert W. Chambers better than Dickens? Would you rather see vaudeville, even the best, than Macbeth rendered by an all-star cast? If so, there is something wrong with your taste. It is not because Shakespeare and Dickens are beyond your capacity—it is because your taste is uncultivated or else spoiled. Of course there are good novels outside of the Waverly collection, and good stories besides O. Henry's, and light reading is pleasant on hot days. Well, read it—put in a filling of pastime stories, but be sure the foundation is laid with the masters. College gives you a chance to meet them, but close friendship comes only through personal cultivation. The more attention you give, the more character you get, and it is a little time at best in which we have the chance to build character.

You think yourself unable to appreciate poetry. Try Shelley's *Cloud*, or Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, or Burns' *Green Grow the Rashes, O*, according to your taste, and just see if

one reading does not lead to a second, and the mastery of one poem to the undertaking of another. Do you like science? Read Darwin's *Descent of Man*. Or psychology? Read the greatest psychological drama ever transcribed to paper, *Les Miserables*. Do you read for style, for beauty of language? Choose Van Dyke. Do you like detective stories, a strong emotional element—poetry and power rolled into one? Study Shakespeare. Or would you just laugh and be human and see the world as you would like it to be? Hunt up a copy of James Whitcomb Riley's *Rhymes of Childhood* today. After all, the whole secret lies in getting somebody else's viewpoint. And, girls, with all the witchery of language, the depth of thought and skilled expression open to us in the masterpieces, can we, in justice to ourselves, afford to read anything that is not *quite* fine?

The greatest event, probably, in the life of every Normal girl is her first initiation. Until that time, there  
**SOCIETY** is her first initiation. Until that time, there  
**SPIRIT** is much talk of billy-goats, laundry lists, etc.,  
 and the whole thing seems more or less a joke  
 or a great frolic to the "to-be-initiated". Now that event is  
 passed and the "initiated" realizes what an important and  
 vital part of her College life her society will fill. Her attitude  
 has changed to purposeful and ardent loyalty. It is right  
 that she should feel loyal to her own society, yet she ought *not*  
 be narrow. She must not take from her society that for which  
 it stands, broadness in intellect, sympathy, and friendship.

To those of us who have been disappointed, let's play the glad game. To all of us, let's give of our best to our society and our society will give of its best to us—unmatchable self-reliance, initiative and well-rounded development.

College is an apprentice shop, fitted up with tools, and offering  
 a variety of trades, whose chief aim is to send  
**MAKING** forth workmen thoroughly capable of filling  
**OUR CHOICE** their places in the great world about us; and  
 it is the privilege of the student to choose the profession by  
 which she may render the best service to her community.

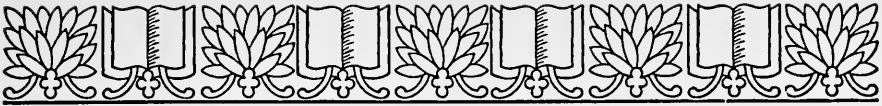
Yet there are so many courses of study open to us, and so many other phases of college life that sometimes we are at a loss to know what we really want. We are "on the fence", as it were, and find it difficult to distinguish between the essentials and non-essentials.

Even though we possess "the ten talents", certainly we cannot take a vital interest in society and class, be an active worker in the Y. W. C. A., a "good sport" in athletics, a skillful debater, and a clever actor in dramatics without neglecting our class work to a certain degree, and above all, as Dr. Foust has said, we want our scholarship to be creditable.

It is true that "too much work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", and each of us desires to become a well-balanced individual mentally, morally, and physically; to become a part of all she has seen; but let our work in the class room come first, and these other things will be "added unto us".

In our work and in our play, let us choose the things which appeal mostly to us as individuals, those in which we can put our best, and for which we are best suited. "Go, choose your east, and choose your west, but choose the one that you love best", and if we are true to our inborn tastes and instincts we should have no cause for regret.





## Society Notes

---

### With the Adelphians

The annual initiation of the Adelpian Literary Society was held on the evening of October 23rd. Four honorary members were initiated this year. They were Misses Sophia Lingg, Jane Cape, Mrs. Zeta Mayhew, and Mr. G. Scott-Hunter.

After the initiation was over a banquet was held in the dining hall of Spencer building. The tables were arranged in the form of a diamond, the shape of the society pin, and were decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. In the center of the diamond was the temple—Adelpai's shrine. Southern smilax fell from the roof of the temple and twined about its great white columns. The orchestra sat in one point of the diamond in a bower of palms. The society colors, red and gold, were attractively carried out in the menu, which was as follows:

Waldorf Salad		Tomato Sandwiches	
	Olives	Wafers	
Cherry Ice			Cakes
	Coffee	Cheese Wafers	
		Mints	

While this was being served by Grecian maidens, a number of toasts were given, Miss Gladys Avery gracefully presiding as toastmistress. They were as follows:

To Adelpai, Edith Avery. Response, Miss Severson, Miss Minor.  
To the New Girls, Frances Summerell. Response, Marion Alston.  
To the Visitors, Marianne Richards. Response, Mr. Broadhurst.  
To Our Sister Society, Vonnice McLean. Response, Julia Bryan.  
To the University, Ethel Wells.  
To Health, Sadie McBrayer. Response, Dr. Gove.  
To the Faculty, Annie Beam. Response, Mr. G. Scott-Hunter.  
To Auld Lang Syne, Merrill Shelton. Response, Mildred Harrington.  
To the Press, Alice Sawyer. Response, Mr. Godbey.  
To the Future, Mary Gwynn.

In the course of the evening twelve Grecian maidens danced into the temple and gave an ancient Grecian dance, distinguished for its grace and rhythm.

A fitting close was given to an occasion which so many utterances of good will and good fellowship had been given, when Prof. W. C. Jackson arose and expressed in a few earnest words what each one connected with this College has always carried in her heart—our love and reverence for our "Mother Superior", Mrs. Chas. D. McIver.

## Cornelian Notes

On the evening of October 24th the annual initiation of the Cornelian Literary Society was held. This year one hundred and twenty-six new members were admitted into the society, six of whom, Dr. Elliott, Miss Filbrick, Miss Houchins, Miss Robinson, Miss Bryan, and Miss McLeland, were honorary members. Following the initiatory exercises a banquet was served in the dining hall of Spencer building in honor of the new members, the faculty, and the visitors. The banquet hall was lovely in its decoration of palms. The tables were beautifully and artistically decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and tall candles placed in triangular shape at intervals along the table. A menu card engraved with the Society monogram in blue and gold was placed for each guest. The music for the evening was delightfully rendered by Brockmann's Orchestra.

Miss Mary Worth gracefully presided as toastmistress of the occasion. The following toasts were given during the evening:

To the New Girls, Mary Wilson. Response, Lucile Reams.  
 To our Guests, Elizabeth Craddock. Response, Mr. Noman Wills.  
 To the Faculty, Helen Barnhardt. Response, Miss Viola Boddie.  
 To the Adelphians, Louise Whitley. Response, Susie Rankin.  
 To the Press, Gay Holman. Response, Mr. Nixon Plummer.  
 To our Next Meeting, Estelle Dillon.  
 To the College, Ethel Thomas. Response, Miss Laura Coit.  
 The toast to the College and the response deserve to be recopied.

### TOAST

“What do we wish for you? Let me count it o’er;  
 We wish success, and with it length of days;  
 We wish prosperity and well-deserved praise;  
 We wish you wealth and riches, too, in store,  
 And yet not only this—we wish you  
     Ah! much more.  
 We wish you honor wheresoe’er we be;  
 We trust that fame will ever follow thee,  
 And truly do we wish you friends galore,  
 And so your loyal daughters stand tonight  
 And truly promise love and service, too.  
 We pledge a health to prospects very bright,  
 We gladly drink, oh, College dear, to you!”

### RESPONSE

“The College is rich indeed in the good wishes of so many loyal daughters. You are in yourselves our joy and crown. If I may speak in this presence of the cause of our greatest pride in you within recent months, it is the spirit in which you have assumed the duties and respon-

sibilities of self-government. You have made a great success of this. You can sympathize with a small boy friend of mine who had a blessing box into which he put pennies when anything happened for which he was especially thankful. He usually put in pennies, but one day he was seen to approach the box with great dignity and quietly deposit a nickel therein. His mother asked the reason for this unusual thanksgiving. He replied: 'Mother, today I was promoted from the infant class. Hereafter I shall sit—on the boys' side.'

"So you are self-governing now, henceforth and forever.

"So here's to your continued success, until all the blessings you have wished for your Alma Mater shall come upon you and your own head to help you on your way."





# Among Ourselves

*Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian*

---

A recent honor bestowed upon one of our professors is the attention given by the scientific world, and by eminent biologists in particular, to a paper entitled, History of the Spotted Eagle Ray (*Aëtobatus Narinari*), together with a study of its external structures, by Dr. E. W. Gudger. It is extracted from Publication No. 183 of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1914, and is some 45,000 words in length, with ten plates and nineteen text figures. Another briefer paper by Dr. Gudger is a biographical sketch of George Maregrave, an early master in biology, which appeared in *Popular Science Monthly* for September, 1912, and was received with such universal favor as to be translated into German for the "*Zoologische Annalen*", which is devoted to biographical sketches of famous zoologists.

The "old girls" always experience great pleasure in meeting and welcoming into our midst those students who come to the College for the first time. Judging from our impressions received thus far, we can honestly say that we are not only glad to have our "new girls" this year, but proud to have them.

We are likewise glad to welcome the new members of our faculty.

Miss Cora McLelland becomes instructor in the Latin department. Miss McLelland, whose home is in Chattanooga, Tenn., graduated at Columbia University.

Mrs. Zeta C. Mayhew, instructor in the English department, comes to us from Warrensburg, N. C. Mrs. Mayhew also is a graduate of Columbia University.

Miss Vivian Hill, who is a sister of our former instructor, Miss Hinda Teague Hill, becomes instructor in the French department. Miss Hill is a graduate of Chicago University.

Miss Dora M. Robinson, who is a graduate of Columbia University, becomes instructor in the English department.

Miss Sophia Lingg, of Tompkinsville, N. Y., becomes instructor in the German department. Miss Lingg is a graduate of Columbia University.

Dr. Charles H. Elliott, of Carbondale, Ill., becomes Superintendent of the Training School and Professor of Pedagogy. Dr. Elliott, besides possessing a Ph. D. degree from Columbia University, is a man of experience and efficiency in educational work.

Miss Dorothy Philbrick, instructor in the French department, is a graduate of Chicago University. Miss Philbrick spent the summer in Paris.

Miss Jane Cape, of Dodgeville, Wisconsin, becomes instructor in the Science department. Miss Cape is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. G. Scott-Hunter comes to us from Burlington, N. C. He was formerly choirmaster in Scotland and England.

Miss Houchins, who becomes stenographer for Dr. Foust, comes from Elon College, where she was stenographer for President Harper.

Miss Mary Arrington, instructor in the Training School, comes from Franklin County, where she was supervisor of the schools of that county. Miss Arrington graduated from the Normal in the class of 1895.

We are always interested in knowing where and how the former members of our faculty spend the summer vacation. Of those who spent this summer away from the College, or took an outing, we note the following:

Prof. W. C. Smith studied at the University of Wisconsin during the summer.

Misses Mary and Annie Petty and Miss Mendenhall took an outing on Heron Island, off the coast of Maine, during the latter part of the summer.

Dr. Gove, after her year of study abroad, spent the summer traveling through Turkey and Greece, returning by way of England. We are glad to welcome Dr. Gove back to us as our college physician.

Mr. Forney spent the vacation months at his summer home in Ashe County.

Miss McAllister spent the summer at Sunny Slope Camp for Girls at Tryon.

Dr. Huse returned to her home at St. Louis, where she established an office for practice.

Miss Reinken spent the summer at Mountain Meadows Inn in Asheville.

Miss Dameron took an outing in the mountains near Asheville.

Miss King went to Blue Ridge for an outing.

Miss Bryan studied at the University of Chicago.

Miss Daniels went for an outing to Blowing Rock.

Miss Severson studied in New York City.

Miss Byrd went to Blue Ridge for an outing.

Miss Harriet Elliot spent the summer at her home in Carbondale, Ill. Miss Elliot visited in St. Louis.

Miss Jane Summerell studied at Columbia University.

Miss Cora Strong spent the summer at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Prof. W. C. A. Hammel spent part of the summer on Monhegan Island, Maine.

Mrs. Sharpe spent part of the summer at Pleasant Dale Springs.  
 Prof. and Mrs. Wade R. Brown went for an outing to Nova Scotia.  
 Miss Fort studied at the People's Art Institution in Chicago.  
 Miss Jameson went for an outing at Ridge Crest and Montreat.

It is also interesting to us to know where the former members of our faculty are who are not with us this year:

Miss Martha Winfield, who was granted a year's leave of absence, is studying at Columbia University.

Dr. Huse has returned to her home in St. Louis.

Miss Hill is studying at John Hopkins College.

Miss Mary Baldwin Mitchell is teaching at Waynesville.

Miss Mary Tyler is spending the winter at her home in Greensboro.

Miss Ragsdale is spending the winter with her mother in Jamestown.

Miss Emma Little is teaching French in New York City.

Mrs. J. S. Williams, formerly Miss Anna Meade Michaux, is to make her home in Asheville.

On the first Saturday night after our arrival College Night exercises were held in the chapel of Students' Building. Miss Gladys Avery presided at the meeting. After assembling, the student body sang the College song with much enthusiasm. A representative of each of the different phases of College life then welcomed the new students and told them something about the work of the particular organization which she represented. After this the audience was entertained by some particularly amusing stunts demonstrating the different phases of College life. All were then asked to assemble down in the society halls, where an informal reception was held. The spirited singing of class songs added to the enjoyment of the occasion. Ices were served by the Senior class.

On the following Sunday night we considered ourselves very fortunate in having Dr. Foust as our speaker for the Y. W. C. A. services. In well chosen and inspiring words Dr. Foust pointed out to us the essentials for a successful year in College. After hearing this talk no student could help but feel a certain degree of encouragement and fresh enthusiasm with which to begin her year's work.

The Young Women's Christian Association entertained the new students in the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, September 25th, with a Funny Paper Fair. Ice cream and peanuts were served.

On the night of September 26th the former members of the faculty were at home to the new members of the faculty in the history room of the library. The library had been made beautiful with palms and pink roses. After being welcomed by the hosts and hostesses, who composed the receiving line, the guests were served refreshments.

Miss Ruth Kernodle was at home to the Sophomore class in the chapel of Curry building Saturday afternoon, October 3rd. A regular

meeting of the class took place, after which the guests were served ice cream and cake, and an informal reception was enjoyed.

Founder's Day exercises were held October 5th in the College auditorium. Dr. Edward K. Graham, President of the State University, was the speaker of the occasion.

On Monday afternoon, October 5th, the Junior class gave an English tea in the gymnasium. Chicken salad, sandwiches, and ice cream were sold.

Monday night, October 5th, the student body and faculty assembled in the College auditorium for the purpose of dedicating the Woman's building. Judge Walter Clarke, of Raleigh, was introduced by Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, as speaker of the evening. Miss Mary Tennent, a member of the class of 1913, presented the College with a handsome portrait of Ex-Governor Charles Brantley Aycock, as a gift from her class. The gift was accepted in the name of the College by Dr. Foust. After these exercises the faculty, students and visitors were asked to assemble in the two society halls, where a reception was held, the faculty and visitors forming a receiving line. Punch was served by the students.

The first of the series of entertainments for the College year was given Thursday evening, October 8th, in the College auditorium, by Evan Williams, tenor, assisted by Evan Williams, Jr., accompanist. This recital was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 28th, an organ recital was given by Mr. G. Scott-Hunter, assisted by Miss Kathryn Severson, in the College auditorium. The public was invited to this recital.

Among other improvements made in the College this year is the addition of a ninth grade to the Training School. Another improvement, none the less agreeable, is that made in the appearance of our dining room. The walls have been newly kalsomined, so as to present an attractive appearance. One of the most pleasing improvements is that made in the students' sitting room. The Young Women's Christian Association has recently transformed this room from a bare, uninviting place into a real, cozy sitting room. Chairs, sofa pillows, and several tables, with games on each, have been placed there, and it is hoped that a piano and some rugs can be added later. The students now have a place to mingle, play games, and spend their leisure moments in an enjoyable manner.



## Exchange Department

---

It is a generally recognized fact that the exchange department of a magazine is too often considered dry and uninteresting. And, indeed, when we observe that a few of our colleges are now devoting the space formerly allotted to this department to something else we begin to ask ourselves whether the exchange department is not becoming a thing of the past. But should it be considered dry and uninteresting? And should it be a thing of the past? The answers to these questions may be found in the statement that this department is the only true means of each college really seeing itself as others see it.

Among the earliest of the magazines to reach us this year we note *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Trinity Archive*, and *The Davidson College Magazine*.

*The Wake Forest Student* is made up, for the most part, of debate speeches and orations. These, though of excellent quality, become rather monotonous because of quantity. The poetry, however, is unusually pleasing—both for its diction and its beauty of thought. The poem “Twilight” demonstrates how an old subject may be handled in a charming manner. The description savors of originality, while the poem as a whole possesses a truly poetic note. “Two Happinesses” is unique in thought and expression. The poem “To Rudyard Kipling” is no less worthy of mention as a splendid tribute to this poet.

*The Trinity Archive* also contains some good material. The story, “Beneath the Surface”, is attractive and entertaining, despite the fact that it appears slightly impractical. In reading it, however, one is led to doubt the possibility of such a rapid transformation of a human soul from a state of almost utter darkness and distrust to that of faith and goodness. “Anne’s Career”, while it possesses good qualities, becomes tiresome; first, because of its seeming lack of reason for existence; and second, because of its lack of spiritedness and “push”, so to speak. The poems, “An Allegory” and “Vacation Time is Over”, are both worthy of mention. While reading the latter we cannot help but experience a certain delightful thrill of care-free pleasure—only to be brought suddenly down to earth again.

The two essays, “The Age of Young Men” and “The Claim of the Present”, in the *Davidson College Magazine*, are particularly well written. The latter is especially worthy of mention because of its



excellent thought material. ‘‘Moonlight on the Campus’’ possesses qualities which tend to make a delightful poem. The ‘‘faint, sweet, summer breeze’’ murmuring through the leaves of the old trees seems vivid and real, while the description of the moon, overlooking the solemn beauty of the night, begets in us the feeling of calm and peace intended by the author.





# In Lighter Vein

*Annie Beam*

---

Our homogenous collection of rules and regulations must seem "ad infinitum" to the new girl. For fear of having overlooked a few, some new girls are always anxiously hunting for other rules. The first Sunday after the first week of regular school work, including walking period, we were all enjoying our Sunday dinner. With a Puritanical expression of probable duty, the new girl queried: "Do we have walking period on Sunday?"

We congratulate ourselves upon the fact there is comparatively little gossip among our students, but sometimes the temptation is too great. One day some Seniors were indulging, and among other remarks this one deserves particular mention:

"I tell you, girls, we have some very distinguished faculty. Mr. G. Scott-Hunter has a brother who is an Admirable in the navy."

A Senior, returning from down town, met a new girl near the steps leading up from Walker avenue.

"Will you please tell me whether or not prep. has rung?" asked the Senior, the very personification of feminine politeness and dignity.

"What?", was all the new girl said.

"I say, has prep. rung?"

"O—uh—er—I am a commercial student."

Thereupon dignity and politeness passed on, but knowledge went not with her.

The President of the Student Self-Government Association, with another Senior, were standing in close conversation. A new girl, who evidently wanted to interview "authority", came up and asked:

"Please, which one of you is the student body?"

Personal Impression: This is an age of rapid transformation, especially in size!

## A FRESHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Land of Sorrow, Box No. 0.

Dearest Mother:

O, what would I give for only a sight of something besides girls—there are girls galore and then some. To express it in the simplest term, it is a regular picture show to watch them.

Mother, I am leading a life that is positively aeroplanic in its flight, I just go like a toy engine wound up—the ten o'clock bell at night stops the spring and the alarm clock winds it up again in the wee small hours. Even in my dreams appear those rows of Virgil I have not ploughed and that confidential heart-to-heart talk with the Honorable Mr. Wentworth that I have not had.

I hear that they are contemplating changing the name of the College soon and it meets my hearty approbation, because we are all attending not the State Normal and Industrial College, but "The Abnormally Industrious College for Womanhood". I am but the mere fragment of my former self, but I am, as ever,

PRISCILLA.

A new girl who had had physical culture the seventh period and then played tennis during walking period, came in to supper well nigh on the road to exasperation. She expressed her physical condition in these glowing terms: "Oh, girls, I have had so much gym. and played so much tennis that I am all out of commotion."

TO FACULTY

Here's a hearty health to faculty;  
That they need it, we do not doubt,  
For after struggling with us  
"Mirabile dictu", they're able to be about.



